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THE NEW UNION DEPOT.

That is a pretty good depot Mr. Har-
rison and his friends have built here
in Salt Lake. We don't know that there
is any law making it a misdemeanor to
speak well of a railroad company when
it adds something good to the town.
And something good certainly has been
added to Salt Lake in the erection of the
new union depot.In the first place, it is a pretty big
building. Some residents have said it
isn't as big as they thought it would be.
But when they get inside and realize
the dimensions, they begin to wonder
how big they thought. Within a very
few years there was no depot so large
in all Chicago.And up to the present there is none
more convenient in arrangement. Also,
there is none more substantially built.
The material is largely cement, and it
must have required a mountain of con-
crete to provide these walls.Added to all, is the fact of workman-
like design, and workmanlike construc-
tion. The depot looks like a city af-
fair. It keeps pace with the majestic
stride of Utah. It is a fitting adjunct
to the position of Salt Lake.And the people of this city, whether
they take the trouble to say it, are
proud of the new depot of the Oregon
Short Line and the San Pedro, Los An-
geles & Salt Lake.

MRS. GOLDZIER IS WRONG.

Our friends the suffragettes have won
the commendation of thousands because
of the persistence and devotion with
which they prosecute their cause. But
even women may go wrong. And that
is what Mrs. Goldzier of New Jersey has
done. In a recent meeting at her town
she demanded that the city council
name women on the police force. And
she declared that if they were denied
the women would arm themselves, and
drive the men at the point of deadly
weapons into conceding equal suffrage
to all, regardless of sex. Here is a frag-
ment from her published declaration:No great cause was ever won without
bloodshed. If the legislature will not
grant us the right to vote the women
should arm themselves, march to the cap-
itol at Trenton, and surround the build-
ing when the lawmakers are in executive
session, and then give them the alterna-
tive of granting us the right of suffrage
or being shot down.I guess they would choose the easier
course then. If not, let them suffer the
consequences, and the world would see
then that we really meant business.Which shows that even the worst
of causes may be handicapped now and
again with an invidious advocate.
Aside from the merits of the present dis-
cussion, many a good cause has been
won without bloodshed. And, further-
more, Mrs. Goldzier has no more inten-
tion of shedding blood than she has of
apprenticing herself to a butcher. She
wouldn't know how to begin her work
of destruction, and she wouldn't have
the stomach to stay if some one else,
inspired by her speeches, should start
the trouble.There be women—like Lucy Parsons
of Chicago and Emma Goldman of the
world—who might very cheerfully lead
such a revolution. They have long be-
lieved in open war. But here is a woman,
pretending to speak for the rest
of her sex in all the world—and advocat-
ing the very thing which makes the world
discredit the whole contention.Women have better means of securing
their rights. They couldn't have a
worse champion than that one who
counsels violence and anarchy. Two
speeches of the Goldzier sort will go
farther to defeat universal suffrage
than a whole year of sensible work by
her betters.

PERIL OF A SENATOR.

Senator LaFollette's term of office as
United States senator from Wisconsin
will expire in March 1911. He is in for
the short term, and there are signs on
the Wisconsin sky which make his re-
election extremely doubtful.It has become the fixed habit of Wis-
consin people to say that LaFollette is
honest. No one there is permitted to
doubt that without making an apology
with his face toward Madison. But
even an honest man may overplay his
single virtue. For many years he has
dominated the state, and people there
are just beginning to look about them
and wonder what good his noise has
done. They are coming close to the
conclusion that, after all, it has simply
meant a change of bosses. They backed
LaFollette because he was against the
politicians, and they find him a bigger
politician than any they have reared,
with all the worst of his predecessors'
weapons, and none of their virtues.
Also, they are beginning to see that La-
Follette is almost humanely selfish in
his activities, after all. Instead of be-
ing ready to die for the people, he is
extremely willing to live for himself.It would be a good thing for Wiscon-
sin to retire LaFollette; just as it was
a good thing for Kansas to retire the
whiskered Peffer and the Sockless
Simpson. Neither of the three did any
good for the state that sent and paid
him. All of them were prophets of dire
evil, and stood as the exponents of pro-
test against a bad condition which the
rest of the world never would have sus-
pected of their respective states if a
United States senator or a congressman
hadn't so declared it.

Wisconsin is a great state, and capa-

ble of being greater. It will never be
helped along that desirable road by La-
Follette. He has had his chance. He
has overthrown lots of good men and
replaced them with others admittedly
not so good. And he has roared all up
and down the country about a work
which he himself doesn't at all propose
to do.Wherefore, the people there are plan-
ning for the election of a legislature
which will lose Robert Marion—and
keep him lost.

LOSS BY CITY FIRES.

An official of New York state has pub-
lished a little book which tells of the
loss by fires in cities. The statement is
appalling. It is made clear that the
value of all the buildings in New York
City is burned up once in every twelve
years. No more startling statement
could be made.The impressive thing about it is the
lack of necessity. Surely the men of
the twentieth century are able to pre-
vent such a devastation. They pay tre-
mendous sums to the insurance compa-
nies. The amount of this sort of pro-
tection is a crushing burden on every
line of business. And yet the better in-
surance of absolutely fireproof construc-
tion gets the smallest possible attention.To be sure, there are times when no
preventive effort of man can check the
progress of fire. Such a time was seen
at Chicago in 1871, when the flames
drove east and north with a force of
their own, and melted the buildings
that, standing isolated, would have
been fireproof. But that was because
the very great preponderance of build-
ings were not fireproof at all. Such a
time was seen again in San Francisco
at the time of the earthquake. The fire
would have consumed many blocks even
if water had been available.But those are exceptional cases. There
does not seem any good reason for in-
viting so tremendously destructive a
calamity as this report from New York
contains. And it is one of the things
which another generation is going to
review with astonishment. For the day
will come when buildings will be abso-
lutely fireproof—everywhere.

OLD JOHN MEAKIN.

He isn't so old as he will be, either.
But he has been in Utah forty years,
and there isn't a stain on his name.
English by birth, he is a citizen of the
world, and all the influence that a strong
man may exercise he has put forth in
all his life for good, and never for evil.
It has been his purpose to make men
and women and children a little hap-
pier and a little better than he found
them. And a man can't do that sort of
thing without being made better and
happier himself.He has spoken in public a thousand
times, and never abused anyone. And it
is good to say that John P. Meakin looks likely
to live forty more. Which gives pros-
pect that for four more decades there
will be a constant, a gentle and an ef-
fective influence for better things where-
ever he may make his home.It is worth something to live that sort
of life for forty years. And it is good
to say that John P. Meakin looks likely
to live forty more. Which gives pros-
pect that for four more decades there
will be a constant, a gentle and an ef-
fective influence for better things where-
ever he may make his home.

FOUND SOMETHING TO PRAISE.

In a recent issue of The Herald-Re-
publican was a letter from some man
who had spent a happy day or two on
Utah lake. He took the trouble of tel-
ling the readers of the paper how well
the old summer resort on the shore is
provided to take care of pleasure seek-
ers. And he didn't have any selfish in-
terest in the matter, for he is one of the
people who pay for everything they get.This is a pretty good world, after all.
A man comes home from an outing in
which he has found delights that the
rest of the people don't know about, and
he tells them. He has a good word. He
speaks well. Not a bad thing in all his
vacation is remembered. Not a thing to
detract from the joy of the outing is al-
lowed to cloud the fact that here are
some details of happiness that other
people would like to know about. And
he makes them acquainted.Oh, the world is better than some of
us think. There are more good than
bad people.Taking the year together, my dear,
There's never more cloud than sun.

THE FORCE OF A TRIAL.

What is the good of the courts if an
accused person is to be tried by the city
council? Who made that body a tri-
bunal of justice? And who hopes for
justice from it?The folly of the council trial for ac-
cused persons is the more strongly em-
phasized when we realize the purpose of
it. Certain saloonmen are to be con-
vinced that they must pay tribute to the
city party, or they will be "handed."
And they have no security in a trial
before the courts. An extra-judicial
tribunal has been prepared for them.
They will have to make their peace with
the city committee, or the city commit-
tee will override every court of the
land, and decide the case according to
politics.Without any regard to the fate of the
accused, it would be a good thing for
the city party to drop this city council
juggernaut. It doesn't fool anyone.

LOOK UP, AND NOT DOWN.

These are the days—and the nights—
when the skies are marvels of beauty.
There is much to make the September
firmament interesting. That little dis-
version in the shape of an eclipse of the
moon by the planet Mars has passed;
but it was wonderful. And even since
the important event is over, moonrise is
a marvelous thing. Many a party has
been given in honor of the big, full
moon in the past week. And the glory
of that orb through all the hours of the
night passes human powers of descrip-
tion.Men and women who have traveled
all over the world tell us there are no
such sunsets as these in Utah. Thestatement can well be believed by those
who have gone to Saltair in the even-
ing. There is such a glory of color,
such a marvel of transition through im-
perial beauties, as no canvas could ever
reproduce.But have you seen these September
sunrises? It is a little early in the
morning, and it may mean the deserting
of a very comfortable couch at an hour
when the average man and the average
woman much prefer to sleep. But in
Switzerland they wake one to see the
sunrise on Mont Blanc. There is less
reason in Switzerland than will be found
here in Utah.Just get up one morning, and watch
the sun glorify those eastern hills for
half an hour before the final appearance
of the majestic orb of day. In all nature
there is no view so splendidly impres-
sive. No one will describe it to you.
And it would be robbing you of a joy
you may have entire, even if they could.
These are the days—and the nights—
to look up, and not down.

MADE A LITTLE MISTAKE.

Editor Herald-Republican: Didn't you
make a little mistake in the date of the
Four-State fair at Ogden? Or was your
statement that the fair would be held
"this week" purposely intended to hurt
the fair?It was a mistake—clearly. And there
really wasn't any excuse for it. The
date is blazoned on all the walls of Salt
Lake, and there are plans for our peo-
ple to attend. We regret having wrong-
ly stated the date.The Four-State fair will be held this
year at Ogden the week from Sept. 6 to
11. And plenty of Salt Lake people will
be paying visitors there.If Salt Lake were surrounded by riv-
ers, it would pay the city to build as
many bridges as the people on the far-
ther side might require for convenient
and frequent crossing. It is mighty
poor business for the city to decline to
maintain a bridge into town.You would naturally expect moving
pictures to move. That will account
for the migration of a familiar Main
street place of entertainment.

HE BELIEVED IN HIMSELF.

(Robertus Love, in Spare Moments.)
Folks down in Sleepytown said he was a
crank—
Jim Jones was—an' the clerks in
Laffed when he passed, an' the clerks in
Miller's store
Looked down on Jones when he walked
by the door,
Home-folks even didn't s'pose him extry
bright;
Dad sort o' snickered—Brother Joe made
light.
O' Jim's ambitions—an' they didn't
believe in him;
But Jim—
He believed in himself.Jim left the village when he turned
twenty-one
For the county seat town, where he
hustled an' done
Jobs aroun' the court house, a-workin'
for his keep,
An' read them books that are bound in
yaller sheep—
Jim Jones did—an' he studied day an'
night.
Lawyers laffed a little, an' they didn't
count him bright,
An' 'round town didn't believe in him;
But Jim—
He believed in himself.Hung out his shingle when he turned
twenty-three
Lawyer Jenkins laffed, with a He-he-hel
Jedge Smith smiled when the long-legged
yap
Tried his first case, an' got ketch'd in a
trap;
For he didn't know much o' the tricks
o' the trade.
An' the shysters ag'n him, they throwed
him in the shade;
But he believed in law, this ganglin'
legal limb;
An' Jim—
He believed in himself.Went to the city when he turned twenty-
eight;
Practiced a year or so, an' got on the
slate
For Circuit Attorney; an' still folks said,
"Ain't nothin' to him—got wheels in his
head."
Still, Jim wuz elected, an' Gee! how he
fit
The ring an' the gang yith his bulldog
grit;
An' folks in the city, they b'lieved in him;
An' Jim—
He believed in himself.Folks down in Sleepytown, dressed up to
kill—
Sunday-go-to-meetin's on—Sam, Joe an'
Bill,
Dad an' the kids, an' his Ma—and me—
Traipse to the Crapote now for to see
Governor Jones—Jim Jones—the yap
That he didn't believe in when he was a
chap;
But Jim—
He believed in himself.

THAT OLD-TIME RELIGION.

Some things they make me smile, I guess
they do!
Just to see how quare the folks air
actin'
'Bout this 'ere religion that they call the
New.
An' declare that ever' thing's a fact in;
They want us jist to run an' jump an'
whoop.
An' leave the Rock o' Ages in a troop;
An' then they jist git mad an' up an'
say:
"Yer narrow 'cause ye won't come this
away!""An' then ye haven't gone to college, nu-
ther.
To learn things taught in the Million-
aire's school!"
But we've stood beside a dear, old mother,
An' heard o' Jesus an' the Golden Rule!
An' in my simple pate it's fur the best
To learn jist what yer holy faith is rest!
Than go a-troopin' from good to bad,
A-chasin' after ever' worthless fad!Ye know it a-lays one thing or nuther,
To cheat God's faithful Yew, an' steal
their crown;
Their radiant trust in God to smother.
An' cause their fervent love in Christ to
erode!
Don't let 'em ketch ye nappin, brother,
Stand by th' early teachin's o' yer moth-
er!In God's good time he'll not our
prayers deny!
Ye'll see the clouds o' doubt go rollin' by!
—Douglas Dobbins.
HARD SHELLS IN KENTUCKY.
(Philadelphia Record.)
Captain Tracey, who lived down in
Kentucky, was a good old hard-shell Epig-
nist, who occasionally would tell a story
at the expense of the brethren. Years ago
they were not so conspicuously orthodox
on the temperance question as they are in
our time."On one occasion," said the captain,
"the brethren in my region were about to
have a grand church gathering, and all the
faithful in the neighborhood were ex-
pected to exert themselves to entertain
suitably and hospitably the visiting breth-
ren. Two of my neighbors met each other
just before the grand gathering. One of
them said:
"What are you going to do?"
"Well," replied the man, "I've laid in a
gallon of first rate whiskey."
"A gallon?" retorted his neighbor, with
a look of contempt. "Why, I've got a bar-
rel, and you are just as able to support
the gospel as I am."

Saltair's Last Week.

Better go out, Bathing glorious. Danc-
ing delightful. Round trip 35c.
Bathing at Saltair—still glorious.Z. C. M. I. School Specials
Friday and SaturdayStore open Saturday until 8:30 p. m.
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quality. A most service-
able glove for School
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Plain white and printed hemstitched Handkerchiefs,
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hose and just the thing
for midsummer wear; reg-
ular 35c value
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Egyptian Fibre Lisle Fin-
ish Hose, heel and toe ex-
tra spliced; regular 35c
value
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embroidery trimmed. Prices
range from..... \$4.00 upLawn
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your choice now at—

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